Timeworn Morality

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Timeworn Morality

by CrippledShadow

Summary

Over passage of time omegan rights have advanced but social stratification is not easily overcome.

Notes

Absolutely never thought I would be writing an Omegaverse but here I go. A few of my dyanamics are a little different but I hope you guys like it :)

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

“I know this is uncomfortable for you but understand that this is a natural process and in addition, you have never been more beautiful to me.”

“Forgive me if I don’t believe you,” Will answered tiredly. He rubbed the skin above his areola as milk trickled through the plastic pump. It was the seventh time he’d expressed that day.

“I just never thought there would be so much.”

Hannibal settled on the bed, tucking his omega against his side so the eight month curve of Will’s stomach was pressed against his body.

“You mustn’t be ashamed. Lactation is merely your body demonstrating health and fertility.”

It was true, of course, and quite common for lactation in omegas to began in earnest during their final month. In addition to preparation for motherhood lactation was an appeasement response to ensure the affection of their alpha. An omega’s milk was a natural aphrodisiac for alphas, heightening the instincts to protect, provide for and own. It made perfect sense for a mated omega to provide delicious sustenance for their alpha from their own body and the hormone pills Hannibal had slipped in alongside Will’s vitamin tablets were only increasing the natural response. Will had panicked the first time he’d been woken up by the sensation of milk soaking through his shirt at the end of his second trimester. Hannibal had reassured him that there was nothing wrong and eagerly taken the little pink buds into his mouth one at a time to drain the excess milk.

His mate’s response was a noncommittal grunt. Rude, yet he had been forced to make many allowances for his stubborn mate during their first year as a bonded couple.

Hannibal had allowed Will to postpone purchasing maternity clothes for as long possible and resisted the urge to insist after Will’s horror at the sea of frills and florals in almost every store they visited. Letting his omega replace his existing wardrobe with larger sized flannel shirts and attach elastic waistbands to several pairs of his jeans and khakis rivalled his alpha instincts but Hannibal prided himself on his restraint rather than force his mate to submit to him and the natural behaviour.

He recalled the night he had claimed Will, the younger man entering an unexpected heat due to faulty suppressants medication (or so Will still believed). It hadn’t taken him long to see through Will’s beta guise but the decision that he would be his was almost instantaneous. The extent to which Will had tried to resist his omega nature only made the surrender that much sweeter.

The only insistence he had made was to dress Will in his own clothing when they were at home. Hannibal absentmindedly pushed the baggy dress shirt aside to fondle Will’s other breast. The material still hung loosely about his slender shoulders only to stretch taunt over the curve of his stomach. Besides the swollen belly and slightly enlarged breasts very little

had changed about Will's body. The omega had been very determined to minimise weight gain during pregnancy and the little fat around his thighs and hips had already begun to recede due to expressing daily.

"This process would be made much more simple if you would agree to using a nursing bra. I hear they are quite comfortable and the open panels enable a pump to be attached and operated without hands. It would make it much easier for you to express at work."

"Hannibal, I am not going to wear a bra and definitely not one with bottles attached. It's hard enough for everyone to know I'm an omega without making it worse."

Despite whatever illusions about advances in omega rights they remained unwelcome in almost every workplace, almost unheard of in stressful or potentially dangerous fields such as medicine or law enforcement.

Will winced as he removed the pump, setting down the filled bottle and reaching for the second only to have his hand gently stopped.

"Allow me," Hannibal said softly.

The omega gasped as strong hands pushed him flat on his back, Hannibal looming above him and lowering his head to the other breast still heavy with milk.

Will moaned softly as his mate's lips gently clamped onto his other nipple, massaging the tender nub and coaxing out a steady trickle of sweet, creamy milk.

A male omega's breasts were not permeant and would flatten out within a few months after weaning so Hannibal intended to enjoy them. After the baby was born he would place Will in his lap as he fed their child, suckling from the other breast himself.

"It's kicking again," Will groaned, reaching automatically for Hannibal's hand and guiding it under his shirt. The rhythm of blows against Will's ribs paused before aiming with surprising precision for the light weight resting above.

"Astounding," Hannibal drawing his hand back and tracing patterns along his mate's skin with his fingertip. "Already displaying alpha behavioural traits."

Physical sex was visible by twelve weeks and although it was impossible to completely confirm the gender of a child prenatally, certain behaviours could be used to estimate with reasonable results. While omega foetuses were known to be docile even in the womb, alphas had been recorded to react aggressively to outside intruders, rejecting the invasion of their territory in the only way possible.

"It could still be a beta," Will ventured. Hannibal tilted in head in acknowledgement but didn't answer aloud. There was no mistaking his child's responses for the feeble, reflex kicks of a beta.

He continued his gentle caresses as the infant's kicks followed, trying in vain to dislodge his hand.

"Hannibal! Please-that hurts."

"I'm sorry, my love." Hannibal lapped up the last trickle and began moving his lips up Will's chest and throat, hands making short work of the remaining shirt buttons.

"Please, not tonight....I'm so tired..." Will tried to pull away from the gentle touch and kisses.

Many other alphas would have slapped the omega for that disobedience before manhandling him to his hands and knees; others would have laughed as they did so. "Shh, just lay still," Hannibal cooed, rolling Will onto his side and tugging down his boxer briefs. "Let me show you how much I desire you."

Will gasped again as the first finger gently teased his entrance, guided by the slick triggered in response to Hannibal's alpha pheromones. Hannibal forced himself to be slow while his other hand frantically unlaced his pyjama bottoms. Both were panting by the time Hannibal lifted Will's top leg and guided his aching cock into the tight heat. He maintained a sweet, leisurely pace until he felt Will clench around him, pounding harder until he climaxed moments later.

Once their breathing had returned to normal Hannibal reached carefully to turn off the lamp and pull the sheets over them, carefully avoiding pulling on the knot tying their bodies together. He smiled smugly as his omega purred contentedly and leaned back against the warm, broad chest. His stubborn, impudent little mate was a challenge at times but the satisfaction of him falling apart in his hands was unquestionably worth it.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Very touched and delighted by the wonderful response (thanks and virtual chocolate to everyone who commented or left kudos) *typing slowly to clean the tears off my keyboard* This chapter was a little unsetting for me (but still fun, god what's wrong with me?!) so please let me know what you guys think :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Unlike betas whose inter-gender pairings were considered by far the social norm the idea of two alphas committing to a marriage or other unbound relationship was confusing and not too be discussed in civilised company.

Two strong and dominant personalities within a close prolixity was an invitation to strife and power struggles as well as an inability to produce children. Alpha/beta marriages were quite common but could not create the bond that was uniquely alpha/omega. The mere thought of two omegas engaging in romantic and/or sexual activity without the presence of an alpha was repulsive.

Despite popular myths to the contrary, omegan men were capable of impregnating either a beta or omegan woman in addition to their childbearing ability but the general view was that there was simply no conceivable way for omegas to satisfy one another during heat and the instinctual need to be bred without an alpha.

Only two US states permitted marriages between omegas yet still recognised both as ‘unmated’ in the eyes of the law.

Even a female alpha was still considered better able to cater to an omega with fingering and the soothing pheromones in her saliva without the presence of a knot. With the increased levels of testosterone and underdeveloped ovaries alpha women were very unlikely to be impregnated but also were lacking the external genitals required to impregnate a beta or omega.

There had been historical records and myths of female alphas allowing male omega consorts to ejaculate into their bodies, receiving some sexual pleasure(although in the submissive and inappropriate sense) without any chance of pregnancy but this practice was considered to be unorthodox and very degrading. In the case of Catherine the Great this had sadly contributed to the myth that in addition to her unnatural behaviour with omegas had also engaged in beastiality, resulting in the unjust ‘account’ of her death crushed under a horse.

Will had never wanted to have children although mainly because the prospect didn’t seem enough to compensate for the treatment that accompanied it. He had managed to conceal his

gender behind heat suppressants for over sixteen years after presenting as an omega at fifteen. The two years of heats and unwanted attention had been some of his most miserable before his father let him go onto suppressants.

Walking into his lecture hall and later the morgue the first time after sharing his heat with Hannibal, the older man's scent fresh on his skin and several bloody bites showing above his collar, had been a particular humiliation. The respect he had previously earned from his colleagues hadn't come easy and the look of surprise and anger on Jack's face had been a harder blow than the dozen or so students who'd dropped his classes.

"Will?" Will glanced up from his plate.

"Sorry, what did you say?"

"I asked whether you had any more thoughts on names."

"I've been thinking about Abigail for a girl," Will answered.

"After Garrett Jacob Hobb's daughter? The omega girl you and I were unable to save."

He could understand how his mate may feel a kinship of sort with the dead girl, an omega who preferred to spend her time hunting or hiking in the woods with her alpha father over more conventional pastimes.

"Is there something in particular on your mind besides the dead?" Hannibal asked.

"Actually Jack called before about another body, found in a hotel room just outside Baltimore. He thinks it could be the Ripper."

Hannibal raised his eyebrows and the corner of his mouth dipped in barely visible distain at both Jack's obsession now running thin in its amusement and the desperate link drawn between an amateur and his art.

"Would you like me to accompany you?"

"Thanks but I'll be fine."

"Will, you already know I do not approve of Jack dragging you around to every possible crime scene but that is not what is troubling you. Am I correct?"

Will dropped his gaze to his mate's collar.

"It's not the best time to talk about it."

Hannibal walked around the kitchen counter to sit beside Will, taking hold of his chin and gently tilting it up.

"Whatever is upsetting you, I would like to know and if it is in my power to resolve."

“I…” Will paused and swallowed nervously. “I want to start taking suppressants again after the baby’s born.” He studied the alpha’s face trying to determine his reaction.

Surprise, a flicker of hurt or maybe anger.

“I never thought I would have to ask you this. Are you considering harming our child or yourself in order to achieve the former?”

“What? No, how could think-”

“Will, as I’m sure you are aware many mothers experience depression during pregnancy or in the weeks and months after giving birth. I need to know if you are a potential danger to the baby or yourself.”

Hannibal stood as he spoke and walked to the doorway. Will followed him from the kitchen to the study. The doctor crossed to his medical cabinet and began withdrawing several bottles and a large needle.

“I will inform Jack that you won't be returning to work and will be staying here for the foreseeable future. A mild sedative will suffice for now but we will need to determine the necessary antidepressant strength and arrange some more sessions, perhaps a NOA counsellor for now rather than formal therapy.”

“No, Hannibal I promise you I would never…” Will’s voice caught in his throat and he felt tears forming. He turned his back as he tried to wipe them away without his mate seeing.

Familiar toned arms enveloped him from behind as Hannibal silently closed the gap between them and pulled the trembling man back to press against his chest. He laid his cheek against Will’s temple as his mate sobbed, arms wrapped tightly around him.

“I’m sorry to ask you this,” he said in a softer tone. “But it is a requirement as a doctor, as well as my duty as the father and your alpha. What other possible reason could make you wish to start suppressing your body again?”

Hannibal turned Will gently in his arms so they were face to face, their child cocooned between them, and tilted his head up.

“Do you regret mating me?”

“Never,” Will responded without hesitation. "I love you and I know I’m going to love our baby. It’s just…I was terrified for so long about people finding out about my gender because I knew exactly how it would be. No matter what I do now all falls back to the fact that I’m an omega who shouldn’t be in the FBI. I just want to regain some control, even if it’s just over my body.”

“Dearest, you know that you do not need to work at all unless you want to.” Hannibal rested one hand on Will’s hip and drew the other up to brush a stray curl back from his flushed face.

“I like teaching and if the work I do in the field is saving lives than it’s not really a simple decision.”

“I do understand that but all the change resuming suppressant medication will ensure besides denying your natural cycle is masking your scent but, as your colleagues are already aware of your status that has next to no point or value. There are no brands able to be taken while nursing and the adjustment process would take months and be very taxing on your body. Aditionally, we will most likely be trying to conceive a second and then third child in 1-2 years so by the time you have adjusted it will be at best only a few months before you will need to detox again.”

“You’ve already decided all that? We aren’t even officially parents yet.”

“You needn’t sound so concerned. It is natural for alphas to consider the longterm future of their family,” Hannibal countered with a small, amused smile.

As he spoke he moved both his hands down to Will’s arse, kneading gently and stroking small circles on the skin just above his tailbone, a classic gentling point.

“Don’t you wish for this baby to have a sibling and never have to feel alone as you did as a child? The loss of my sister was more devastating than I can adequately describe but I still wouldn’t choose for her to not have existed in order to spare myself the pain of her absence.”

Although there was some truth to Hannibal’s words he had chosen them carefully in order to provoke a guilty response in Will, taking apart his crumbling resolve with logical reasoning and caresses.

“We don’t need to make these decisions now,” Hannibal soothed as Will huddled closer to his chest. “But that reminds me, I picked up a small gift for you yesterday and while I was going to wait now seems appropriate.”

Disentangling himself from his mate Hannibal crossed to his desk and opened a draw. Will raised his eyebrows apprehensively at the bag’s iconic pink stripes and recoiled as Hannibal took out a lacy thong in a soft baby pink.

“You can’t be asking me to wear that.”

“Will, be reasonable. The front is designed to better accommodate male genitalia and the colour I’m sure will be very pleasant on your skin. Please, try it on for me.”

Will took the offered lingerie reluctantly and began to undress. He did not want to wear it but his mate’s request was not completely unreasonable. Shucking off his boxer briefs he slipped on the flimsy material. While it wasn’t uncomfortable he felt very exposed, something he wasn’t used to under Hannibal’s gaze.

“Beautiful,” Hannibal breathed stalking back to his mate’s side. Both flinched as a sharp ringing interrupted the silence.

“That’s probably Jack,” Will said with a groan.

Hannibal stooped to retrieve Will’s phone from his trouser pocket and answered.

“Where the hell are you?” The other alpha half shouted down the receiver.

“Hello Jack.”

“Doctor Lecter.” Jack dropped his voice to a more appropriate, sheepish tone.

“I apologise that Will is running late but he will be along presently.” He turned and lowered his voice before continuing. “I hope you understand that I do not appreciate you dragging him around with you in his condition.”

“Thank you, Doctor but this one’s local and I wouldn’t ask this of you unless it was important.”

Hannibal hung up and turned to see Will hurriedly pulling on his clothes but he was pleased to see hadn’t stopped to remove the special underwear.

“You had better hurry now and I will see you tonight.” He pressed a kiss to Will’s forehead.

"Thank you for understanding how important this is to me."

He waited until the front door clicked shut before crossing to his desk again and picking up his iPad. They were making such good progress but some finer details would need to change.

Chapter End Notes

Oh Hanni, casually shifting a pretty simple request way out of proportion (and pretending you actually believe that)...

NOA: Nursing Omegas Association

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

> Updating twice this week cause this chapter is very short (Chapter 4 will be up on Friday)

Remaining home alone on his day off while allowing his omega to go to work was not an experience Hannibal wished to repeat.

Two hours later he was still feeling unusually aroused but no respectable mated alpha would masturbate when they had other accessible and more pleasurable ways to reach orgasm. Hannibal wished futilely that he hadn't allowed his mate to slip away so fast and just allowed Jack Crawford to rant about the profiler being another hour late.

He had tolerated Jack's disrespect and blatant abuse of Will's mental health long enough. Hannibal watched as the pound collection van pulled out of his driveway.

The two young betas had looked each other as if unsure this could be the correct address for a stray dog pickup upon arrival but had proceeded to the back garden as instructed without comment. It was better to have the dogs removed without giving Will the chance for a drawn out goodbye that would only upset him more in the long run.

Will would not be happy about his substitute family being returned where they belonged but he didn't need substitutes anymore. Besides, in barely two weeks he would be pressed enough trying to keep up with the housework with a newborn without any extra distractions. The initial anger would give way to sadness quite quickly and in his hormone addled state the omega would have no problem allowing his alpha to comfort him, despite being the cause of his pain.

His poor mate was growing rather predictable.

No, he corrected himself as he headed back inside and up the stairs. He was confident that he would never be able to completely predict Will's actions ahead of time, a trait that was both amusing and irritating depending on the circumstance.

Will's request to go back onto heat suppressants had taken him unpleasantly by surprise. It as much more than a desperate scramble to regain some order from his previous life; it was a direct insult even if Will didn't realise.

Shortly after they'd met Will and confessed to Hannibal that he had no interest in having children, this despite his double reproduction abilities although naturally Hannibal had not commented as Will had still been under the impression he didn't know the other was an

omega. However Will's reluctance hadn't been much of a problem; it had only taken Hannibal a little physical force in order to mate the omega and then the hormones triggered by his heat and mental and biological adjustments made by bonding had taken care of the rest.

He wouldn’t need to force Will into accepting motherhood as once the younger man’s initial shock at getting pregnant after only two heats spent with an alpha had subsided there had been no more issues.

Although the sight of his mate successfully bred and the idea of a large family, proof of his own virility, made Hannibal’s alpha instincts growl with pleasure he found children in general loud, demanding, uncouth and tiresome. But no mated alpha of his standing could remain childless without leading to rumours he would not stand for.

Sterility was a rare trait in omegas, robbing them of what most saw as their only value, but it was even rarer in alphas. An alpha who could not sire a child was hardly an alpha at all.

After several sessions with Jack Crawford’s mate Hannibal had begun to suspect the embarrassing secret. Jack overcompensated every stereotypical alpha trait in the workplace, arrogant, aggressive, choosing to work with betas that were more easy to intimidate than other alphas yet had no children after well over ten years mated.

There was no doubt that there was genuine affection between Jack and Bella despite Jack’s prejudice against omegas in general;it was better for him to play the part of a noble alpha who had not thrown his barren mate aside as an alternative to the truth. What Will was asking for was out of the question.

He was already certain that the child still in Will’s belly would be an alpha and he was in fact willing enough to consider the possibility of holding off the birth of the second at least two years. There were other birth control pills on the market that would prevent conception and Will's request to suppress his heats for his own convenience would not be tolerated.

Without a doubt he had been too lenient with Will, a problem that would need to be rectified immediately.

Hannibal had enjoyed browsing catalogues over the past few months picking out a new and more fitting wardrobe for his mate and several large boxes and packing cases were already stored in preparation at his office.

He had intended to ease Will into the necessary adjustments with plain v-necks with convenient inbuilt breast bands and some more appropriately omegan trousers, tighter as many omegan clothing designs were in order to better highlight his slim, lithe legs and the firm curve of his arse.

He’d also selected a dozen house skirts as well as some more casual ones for everyday wear. Hannibal didn’t doubt that Will would beg against the latter items but it was important for him to understand what would always be required of omegas, for their children’s sake as well.

The three nursing bras had been a compulsory purchase. The simple strapless band comfortably supported the omega's breasts and the circular holes over the swollen nipples allowed for the electric breast pump to be attached and express milk without the use of hands. It would be a tremendous time saver, allowing Will to continue with the housework as he was milked rather than wasting hours out of the day manually expressing.

He would dispose of the majority of Will's clothing today, the tattered flannel and denim better used as rags than covering his beautiful mate's body, and the rest while he was at the hospital.

Hannibal opened the walk-in wardrobe and began to remove the clothing to be tied in garbage bags. A small clunk made him pause, setting down the two shirts he'd pulled out at once and stooping to pick up the fallen item.

A bottle of heat suppressants.

Hannibal pursed his lips silently, the only external demonstration he would allow himself even as he was alone. Will had been very disobedient.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

First, official apology for anyone who was emotionally damaged by Will's dogs being taken away and if it's any consolidation-No spoiler!

Secondly, I know that obviously this fandom is not for the faint hearted but don't want anyone to be caught off guard because this chapter is nasty but each time I went to rewrite it my character variations didn't agree.

(Hannibal: You knew this was going to have to happen. You can't feasibly change it now)

God I hope someone understands that feeling and I don't just sound weird! Basically by the end of this fic I'll probably have a whole martini glass of tears :(

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The still unidentified body still propped up in bathtub had already been examined but wouldn't be released to the funeral parlour until it had been made certain that he hadn't been linked to the Ripper.

The expertise to the first incision showed experience and knowledge but not on the level of a seasoned surgeon, as they still expected the Ripper to be.

"What you should be looking for is a medical school student or dropout, maybe even first year surgical interns. A little timid to be an alpha so probably beta."

"You should have told me earlier." Will would have been surprised or confused at the sudden change if that had been the first time Jack had done it. He seemed very good at forgetting that he'd never lied about his gender, just not drawn attention to it for quite some time. After all, it wasn't illegal for omegas to work in law enforcement but few tried because of the harassment and gender prejudice. Would have been nice if Jack could at least have the courtesy of not talking about it with the rest of the team in earshot.

"You said you read my file, Jack. It would have said."

"You should have told me yourself; I wouldn't have taken the chance on you if I'd known. Especially if I'd known you were going to abandon me in the middle of the Ripper's next sounder to start pushing out pups!" Will winced, still unable to be unaffected by alpha aggression.

"Jack, this is not the Chesapeake Ripper."

“Ah, yes it is,” Zee interjected, leaning around the doorway. “There’s too many similarities-”

“There aren’t enough,” Will interrupted. He detached himself from the wall and push the door shut.

The door slightly muffled the words from the main room but there wasn’t really much effort needed to guess what was being said. Beverly and Jimmy would raise their eyebrows and giggle at their outraged friend for being corrected and talked back to by an omega, all the while actually agreeing with Zee. After all, while betas were the middle post most of them still thought along the lines alphas did and saw themselves as second in command rather than second from the bottom.

Jack sighed. For all his own opinions, he couldn’t forget Will’s admirable insight in the field prior to the reveal about his gender and therefore continued requesting his input.

“Fine, we'll keep the possibility of another killer in mind. By the way, when are you due?”

“Just under a fortnight. Why?” Will didn’t try and hide the frustration in his voice. Jack had already asked him that, the first time just before he made it very clear that he would be working up until that point if he expected to get any paid maternity leave.

“Because if this is the Ripper then we have five, maybe nine days before two more people are dead!” The door swung open and Jack looked up angrily and automatically took several steps back from Will.

Before he had the chance to turn and look Will felt a familiar, hard body press against his back and fingers taking a rough hold of his chin, yanking his head back.

“Hello, darling,” Hannibal purred, inhaling at Will’s pulse point below the claiming bite. The hormones heightened the sweetness of his mate’s natural scent and mixed delightfully with anxiety and embarrassment. No fear though, not yet.

“I wasn’t expecting you, Doctor.” Hannibal paid no attention to the underlining threat *I did not authorise you to be here*.

“Well, it didn’t take more than simple process of elimination to find the site; the number of police vehicles out the front are rather conspicuous.” Hannibal moved his free hand to the buttons on his mate’s shirt and tugged down the omega’s chest-band without looking up at the other alpha.

“Please not here,” Will whimpered as his mate lowered his face and began lapping and sucking at one swollen nipple, biting just hard enough to be painful on the tender flesh.

“Hush. You were saying, Jack?” he said before resuming.

Jack recounted the little information they had, eyes flickering from the couple to a point on the wall.

The onslaught of alpha pheromones and stimulation to his oversensitive nipples was making it very difficult to concentrate, as was the half-hard erection against his thighs. He fought

back a whine as he felt himself staring to get slick in response.

“What are you doing here?” Will groaned. He was dimly aware that the voices on the other side of the bathroom door had stopped and quiet footsteps inched closer to listen.

“I found your medication.” Hannibal smiled against Will’s skin as he felt the omega tense in fear.

“We don’t have to do this here-”

“I think you’ve said enough already. Now you listen.” Hannibal rose to his full height again and twisted his fingers into Will’s curls, pulling his head back further.

“Did you think I wouldn’t notice?” He whispered. “Or were you simply selfish enough not to consider, just assume that I would continue to indulge your belief that your body still belongs to you?”

“Hannibal, please-”

“I told you to be quiet,” Hannibal growled.

“Doctor Lecter, need I remind you that this is a crime scene and I will not have you contaminating it!”

“Jack, I forgot you were still there.” He didn’t look at the other alpha as he spoke, refusing to be intimidated by the lesser.

“Come,” he snapped to Will, half dragging him from the room.

Will cried out as he was slammed against the bonnet of Hannibal’s Bentley, throwing his arms out trying to keep his weight off his stomach.

“Perhaps this is partly my fault for letting so much unacceptable behaviour go undisciplined and now the best way to make you understand is to reinforce what you are right here, right now,” Hannibal growled, pressing against his omega’s back once again and reaching around for the zip on his jeans.

“Please, don’t…” The carpark was still swarming with police attempting to hold back the growing swarm of press not doubt including Freddie Lounds. “For god’s sake at least think about the baby!”

“So you care about it now, do you?” Still he loosened his hold enough for Will to gingerly pull himself off the bonnet and lower to his knees facing Hannibal, glancing back quickly to make sure they were mostly observed by the car. His hands shook once as unzipped the fly on the alpha’s suit pants and took him in his mouth.

Hannibal sighed, winding his fingers into Will’s hair as those pretty lips and tongue moved up and down his shaft. Omegas were not encouraged to be sexually inventive or outgoing, just to accept whatever their alphas gave them and be available at any time, but this was one area Will had always been good at. He knew Will had been in relationships before him,

always under the guise of a beta and mainly with women, and although the idea of any faceless others touching his mate was unattractive he couldn't deny some gratitude as well.

Will moved his mouth further down once he felt the knot at the base starting to form behind his teeth. After the first orgasm an alpha's knot would steadily reduce naturally without further ejaculation if not incased in an appropriate hole.

Hannibal hadn't ever knotted Will's mouth before as it could take anything from twenty minutes to an hour. He generally was tolerant enough to let his mate just swallow the first round of come even though it was much less satisfying.

He wasn't feeling that charitable today.

"Ah, ah," he said softly. Will looked up in confusion, beautiful pink lips still wrapped around Hannibal's dick. He looked so delightfully omegan that Hannibal felt another possessive growl rubble in his chest. Kneeling at his feet as an omega should and a single thread of saliva leaking from the corner of his mouth from the effort of breathing around the intrusion.

Hannibal pulled out with a slight wet pop, tucking his still hard cock back into his pants but not redoing his fly, and unlocked the car. He roughly yanked Will's shirt off him and spread the material over the backseat to protect the expensive leather, leaving the door open.

Will swallowed as he stood with difficulty and dropped to his hands and knees in the backseat. He didn't protest as his jeans were tugged down and obediently lowered his chest to the seat,pressing his face into the leather, exposing himself completely. Hannibal nudged Will's legs further apart, pressing his stomach lightly against the seat. The baby started kicking in protest.

"Good boy," Hannibal hummed as he admired the exposed flesh. Two threads of clear slick had escaped the lacy material and dribbled slowly down pale thighs. The sight was so delicious that instead of removing the underwear the alpha slipped the thin thread out of his way and pushed two fingers in.

Will bit his lip against the pain as the fingers scissored him open, quickly followed by a third. All too soon the fingers were withdrawn and he couldn't stop the hiss of pain as Hannibal thrust in hard. He tried to focus on holding himself up against the brutal snaps rocking him forward with each thrust.

After a few minutes Hannibal slowed his erratic hip movements and aimed for his mate's prostate, smiling as a small gasp confirmed he'd found it. He sped up again but continued to glance over the sweet spot until he felt Will tighten around him and come onto the shirt underneath them just as his knot reached full size and spilled into the quivering body. Hannibal unlaced Will's shoes, pulling them and his socks off in order to completely discard his jeans. Being mindful of putting pressure on the knot he carefully hooked one arm under Will's thighs and the other around his chest, lifting him gently and moving around to the drivers side, sliding behind the wheel carefully with Will in his lap.

"Might not technically be illegal but I doubt driving while you're fucking is recommended.

Hannibal chuckled at the comment, weak and pained as the voice sounded, still not broken.

"You are a remarkable boy, Will," he breathed into the back of the omega's neck. "I wonder how far I will need to push you before you finally snap."

Will was barely aware of the engine starting or Hannibal’s arms lifting him again as they must have returned home, just the cold voice murmuring into his ear and the brush phantom claws in place of his mate's hands.

Chapter End Notes

Feeling sick and dirty *goes to write some fluff* As always any comments/feedback appreciated and please try not to judge me too much xx

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“You have some explaining to do,” Hannibal said, glancing up from his iPad as he felt Will stirring.

After returning home he had fucked his mate twice more, first in the foyer and then over the kitchen counter, before finally cutting off the ruined lingerie and moving to their bedroom. Will had passed out during the fourth round of breeding that day.

“What?” Will’s voice was still hazy from sleep and his moments were slow and painful as he attempted to sit up. His body, sprawled half across Hannibal’s lap, was littered with bites, bruises and both their semen. Will flinched as Hannibal raised a hand again but just stroked through his hair.

“I found your pills,” he said, dangerously soft.

“Han, I-”

“Don’t speak.” The alpha cut him off, fingers tightening in his hair and yanking his head back. “You are mated so you could not have filled a prescription for suppressants without my signature. How did you get them?”

“I, I called the dealer I used to buy from,” he whispered.

Hannibal sighed, not surprised by his omega’s admission but very disappointed. He stood up.

“I noticed there was a new article by Freddie Lounds on the murder we visited this morning,” he went on. “There is some speculation on whether is was connected to the Chesapeake Ripper but she has also mentioned how a reliable source accounted that ‘the lack of

advancement in the ongoing case is attributed to lack of cooperation from profiler Will Graham, the omega becoming known as the FBI's bloodhound bitch.'"

Hannibal left the device on the bed within reach and moved to the ensuite. Will skimmed the first few paragraphs of snippets on the body in hotel and notable Ripper murders and dragged the screen down with dread. The bulk of the second page was devote dot an interview with Frederick Chilton (Why him, god why?!) but what gave him pause was that at the top of the page was a snapshot of Hannibal dragging him back to the car. Two more down the side showed zoomed in shots of himself kneeling first at Hannibal's feet and then again in the backseat. His face was very recognisable in both.

He closed his eyes but could't block out the transcript speech relaying in Chilton's smug, smily voice.

"It's true that some omegas are more resistant to the idea of mating, children and submission even though that is their natural purpose. I believe it's very important that disobedient omegas are displaced in whatever manner their alpha deems appropriate, publicly by all means.

These types of omegas need to learn that it is their alpha's right to use them whenever they choose…"

The same narrow-minded views and words again in slightly different arrangement. Even betas who should have been the middle ground parroted the idea that omegas were inferior and couldn't even be trusted to understand their own biology.

"How did she get those photos?" Will murmured, opening his eyes as he heard Hannibal came back into the bedroom, redressed in simple brown slacks and a dark sweater.

"I assume she was already on site as she always is when a crime is still fresh news and had what she would see as a lucky stroke. If her distain wasn't so clear in her last three articles I'd be almost concerned she had a crush on you."

"Not really newsworthy though. An omega being raped in public while onlookers praise the alpha's masculinity and inspirational display of dominance."

“Dear Will, that kind of thinking is going to have to stop unless you want our children learning inappropriate ideas,” Hannibal chuckled, sitting down next to his mate. “I cannot rape you since legally you are my property. All this,” he paused sliding his hand up Will’s thigh and dipping between his legs. “Belongs to me to use however I choose.”

“Not again,” Will pleaded shuffling back. His back and legs ached from the treatment and rapid kicks protested the movement.

Hannibal smiled as the omega huddled against the bed frame, arms wrapped around his knees held against his swollen belly. As appetising as his debauched mate looked he was done for the day. Even an alpha had limits and his stamina was considerably less outside of heat induced ruts.

“What happens now?”

“That is entirely up to you. If you are ready to behave yourself our lives won’t have to change too much. But, there must be consequences and lessons for your behaviour today, darling.” Hannibal rose from the bed and placed a small cardboard box on the bed, resting a piece of paper and pen on top.

“You don’t need me to sign that,” Will said after a glance down at the resignation letter and moved it out of the way. “All it takes is one phone call saying your omega won’t be returning.”

“It’s more important for you to accept the adjustment yourself.” One the word ‘adjustment’ Hannibal lifted the lid of the box and smiled as Will involuntarily recoiled, back pressing into the headboard.

“Why did you mate me if all you wanted was to shape me into something I’m not? Something you knew I never wanted to be.”

“Since I met you I have found every moment compelling. Your fascinating mind is every bit as important to be as your body and as much as I would like for us to be equals…some social norms are not negotiable.”

He caught a glance of the lace and leather inside.

“What happens if I don’t?” The words were softly spoken but Hannibal could still hear the ember of defiance not quite smothered.

He paused for a moment gently stroking Will’s leg before answering.

“You will be staying in this room until you enter labour. Once the baby is born I will be handing him or her over to a nanny until they are old enough to be sent to boarding school, perhaps in the United Kingdom or France as I did. There will be no need for you to see the child at all.”

Hannibal had no moral dilemmas about keeping his mate restrained to the bed and perhaps allowing the baby to be bought to him for feeding. After all, the milk was most nutritious when drunk form the source instead of out of reheated bottles expressed in advance.

“Good boy,” Hannibal praised, pressing a kiss into Will’s curls as he signed at the bottom of the page.

“I hope in time you will be able to understand that this is what’s best for our family and for you.”

Chapter End Notes

And tune in next week for the contents of the box

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Felt like this had to be included

P.s I may have unintentionally used a line very similar to one in A Royal Affair but believe, fun mistake.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will clenched his lip between his teeth through another contraction, gripping Alana's hand. It had been over fourteen hours and he'd refused to cry out beyond a few faint whimpers.

Childbirth was often made out to be comical by the media particularly when concerning omegas. It was poor taste to belittle a beta woman, respected for the turmoil they bravely submitted their bodies to and very few partners and husbands were not present in support throughout the entire process. Omegas, on the other hand, were shown time and again in sitcoms and films wailing and screaming hysterically while vomiting, farting and defecating onto the delivery table. Needless to say male omegas were subjected to even more mockery for the manner in which they had to deliver their children while females were more or less the same as betas.

In reality any overly vocal omegas were sharply reprimanded that the gift of giving their alpha a child should override any resulting discomfort. A good omega would not attempt to embarrass their mate or distract attention from the baby with unattractive and wholly unnecessary noise.

"I didn't want you to have to stay all night."

"Margot doesn't mind and I wouldn't have offered if I wasn't willing to be here as long as necessary. I don't want you to have to do this alone." Her free hand unconsciously drifted to the choker necklace around her neck: the Verger family crest hung at the base of her pale throat suspended on a thick but elegant, silver chain.

Since female alphas scents did not cling to their bonded omegas as strongly most chose to mark them visually in addition to the claiming bite. The collar dressed up to look like jewellery was the kindest option rather than tattooing or branding.

Alana and Margot's bonding had been a practical match, allowing Alana to pursue her chosen career and produce the larger of their two salaries why Margot's beta brother still held control over her finances. It was very unusual for parents to favour a beta child over an alpha as had happened in Margot's case, regardless of primary gender or age order. The affection present in each woman's face when the other's name was mentioned had come later over time.

The collar he now wore was less subtle; a thick dark leather band, softly lined, complete with a small padlock and his alpha's signature monogrammed on the back. The hospital gown was also the most clothing he'd been permitted to wear for several days.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to call Hannibal?”

“I don’t want him here so it’s great that he doesn’t care one way or another.” Will turned his eyes up to the ceiling again, trying to focus on anything else. The solid, firm surface of the table underneath him was oddly reassuring, similar to the irrationally pleasant feeling most omegas experienced from being pinned under their mate’s body.

“Will,” Alana began tensely but stopped as the obstetrician came back in. “

You’re holding up really well,” Doctor Ellery said as she pulled on a pair of gloves. “Now I just need to check if you’re dilated enough yet.” There was nothing particularly patronising about her tone or choice of words, a very welcome change from even the majority of OBGYNs they’d met with over the last few months.

While he was too tired to consciously feel embarrassed or care much about how undignified he was feeling anymore, Will was still grateful that Hannibal had insisted on performing the preparation enema procedures at home himself.

“Uh oh.”

“What is it?” Will struggled into a sitting position. “What’s wrong?”

The beta paused, considering what she could say to an omega patient without their alpha’s presence.

“Tell him now,” Alana said softly, verging on a growl.

Doctor Ellery swallowed, taken aback. “I can’t be certain but there’s a strong chance the umbilical may be caught around the baby’s neck. If you want to attempt a natural birth we can but there’s a high chance of choking.”

Despite his attempts to distract himself Hannibal couldn’t keep his mind from drifting back to the image of his mate he'd glimpsed through the ward window; damp curls plastered to his flushed skin, and finely crafted face marred with silent tears.

He had fully intended to go home to bed and then work after taking Will to the hospital just after two am, but found himself unable to focus, much less pretend to pay attention to his patients’ pathetic stories.

There were now only two other occupants left in the father’s waiting room; a very anxious beta and one other alpha.

“Doctor Lecter?”

“Margot, what a pleasure,” Hannibal answered glancing up. “What are you doing here?”

“Just waiting around. I didn’t want Alana to try and take a taxi home; they always try to overcharge her.” Margot settled into an empty seat without waiting for invitation.

“Thank you for allowing Alana to be here with him.”

“She wanted to be, but I’m a little surprised you aren’t in there now. You never struck me as someone who completely follows tradition.”

Even beta expecting fathers could become irrational and aggressive under the stress but adding the instinctual conflict of their mate in pain and stress that wasn’t of the alpha’s making or control to stop, only made the likelihood of a doctor being punched higher. It made sense for them to be kept separate.

“Will made it clear he didn’t want me present and I don’t mind indulging him this time.”

"So he doesn't know you're still here?"

"As hard as it may be to conceal moments of weakness from your mate it isn't practical to advertise them."

The past two weeks had been rather tense. Since Will's betrayal Hannibal had needed to be stricter with his omega, keeping him confined to the house and changing some of his routines and privileges. The first, clothing.

When they were newly bonded Will had sometimes worn the alpha's dress shirts and sweaters around the house, baggy enough on his slim shoulders and hips to reach mid thigh. The same garments looked no less appealing now, stretched over his growing belly perhaps beyond repair and short enough to barely cover his perfect arse.

The special items he'd purchased with his mate in mind were even more enticing. The sight of his mate’s perfectly formed baby bump framed by the hands free milking bra and a flimsy omegan lingerie skirt appealed particularly even as he attempted simple tasks. Hannibal had found himself tempted to grab the omega and fuck him on the spot several times a day since then (and had seen no reason not to indulge).

After he was satisfied that Will wasn’t a flight risk Hannibal had allowed him out of restraints but not to leave the house after one alarming instance. Waking one morning to find his omega no longer in the bed and his side cold enough to indicate he’d been gone for at least several hours. He’d found Will still wearing only the shirt Hannibal had dressed him in the night before, in the new shed he’d had constructed for the dogs, sitting amongst the empty beds.

“You didn’t get rid of them to punish me did you?” Will murmured as Hannibal him carried back upstairs and settled them both into a warm bath to ease the feeling back into the omega’s numb limbs. “You just don’t give a shit.”

“I wish I could give her a child,” Margot said softly snapping Hannibal back to the present. “You’re both very lucky.”

“Alana loves you very much and never asked you for more than you are able to give.”

“No.”

“Mr Lecter-”

“Doctor actually.”

“Doctor Lecter.” The obstetrician rolled her eyes but seemed to be making an attempt to remain polite. “Any surgery has risks however minimal-”

“It is an unnecessary risk.”

“Well, your mate has already made the decision, without hesitation I might add, based on what’s best for the baby. Would you prefer a very significant risk ti your child’s life over a fairly minor one to your mate’s?”

Without question, Hannibal said to himself as he thought back to his heated conversation with Doctor Ellery.

It was strange being in an operating room for the first time in over five years and only being a spectator. He’d requested that the screen be left down and after a pause the nurse had complied. Although the woman had refused to be intimidated earlier it was difficult even for betas to disregard a direct order from an alpha.

Will didn’t protest when Hannibal gently took his hand in both of his own gloved ones, laying a kiss to his fingertips.

“I’m so proud of you.”

“We aren’t required to talk right now,” Will replied shortly. He flinched as the scalpel slowly made the first incision and Hannibal leaned forward fascinated. There was no actual pain during a caesarean but the motions of a blade cutting into the mother’s body and the clamps being put in place were rather unmistakable. Hannibal was more than familiar with the process, namely just how many internal organs had to be moved aside and in some cases outside the body, in order to access the womb, and found watching his mate spayed out almost as if for disembowelment strangely interesting.

He was jerked out of the daze by a loud healthy, newborn wail.

Will sighed with relief. “What is it?”

“It’s a girl,” answered Doctor Ellery, a glimpse of a tired smile on her face. “Do you have a name prepared?"

Chapter End Notes

Just to be 100% clear the birth complications were completely coincidental, not as a result of Will being manhandled .

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Hey Guys, sorry for the delay (computer crashed and not only did I lose a heap of stuff, I had to wait an extra week to watch the finale!!)

Throwing a few minor head cannons here among the domestic horror such as while Hannibal (as we already know) is fond of Greek Mythology including the pretentious, renaissance art, Will is more interested in Algonquian.

http://monster.wikia.com/wiki/Wendigo

It wasn't uncommon for infants to be unsettled and cry when held by strangers but the suggested causes varied significantly from the other genders when it was concerning alphas.

Although slightly Freudian it was commonly accepted that despite prenatal aggression the ingrained instincts allowed them to detect the superior predator and were as a result less trusting than betas or omegas during primary socialisation; they naturally are comforted by their mother's scent and touch but are required to learn to love their fathers.

Hannibal paused in the kitchen doorframe, quietly drinking in the view of his mate.

The top layer of lace hung just halfway down the omega's thighs, riding up slightly as he reached to put the dried glasses back in the cupboard, and the thin black material underneath hugged in a very pleasing way. As the skirt was the male omega edition, a comfortable harness with adjustable straps fitted neatly into the waistline so the unnecessary, unappealing testicles and penis could be tucked up and strapped against their body, out of sight and out of mind. The beautiful image was completed with a thin black collar, simple today to better compliment the newly opened claiming bite.

Most of the research conducted in omega behavioural conditioning was similar as there were only two basic methods: charm and gentle degradation or forced submission. Regular beatings were not strictly the best strategy (often resulting a mate too timid and cowed to understand even simple orders) although reminders of their alpha's superior, physical strength by effortlessly subduing them was very beneficial.

Objectification and keeping their bodies partially or almost completely exposed encouraged the natural instincts,vulnerability and dependance, which in turn helped to reinforce the knowledge of the role required of their gender. Also Hannibal couldn't deny the satisfaction of keeping his omega so accessible; it was so simple to slide his hand underneath or fold up the hem, quickly finger him open and fuck him whenever he wished to. The most important lesson for a mated omega to understand was that their primary purpose was to please their

mate and that it was the alpha's right to use them whenever, however or wherever they chose. Procreation and other domestic chores came after that.

Although Will did not actively resist his advances he was still acting withdrawn. He barely spoke and seemed more quietly resigned to the changes rather than accepting them.

Hannibal could understand his own frustration at the loss of conversation, after all it was Will's insight that made him sure it was worth taking the risk of pursuing him, but he had never thought he could miss his mate's smile.

Will flinched as he felt hands glancing over his hips lightly but didn't look up.

"You enjoy sneaking around far too much."

"You aren't eating enough," Hannibal sighed, ignoring Will's comment. He had prepared a simple dinner, roasted rosemary lamb, that Will had loved in the past, but once again barely touched anything but the vegetables.

It'd barely taken two months for all remaining signs of the baby bump to disappear, along with the minimal amount of weight Will had gained during the pregnancy, and the breastfeeding was taking a toll on his body. Hannibal ran a hand up his mate's side over the ribs, far too visible for his liking.

Abigail made a low gurgle, not quite a growl as he brushed against her, one tiny hand clinging to the material holding her nestled comfortably against Will's chest in an improvised sling.

It hadn't bothered him when his daughter immediately started to bawl the first time he'd held her, only a couple of hours old. However it became tiresome quite quickly that she cried whenever Will put her down, refusing to go to sleep in her crib unless she drifted off first in the sling. Even so there were cries in the middle of the night and early hours regularly which Will for his part didn't help by refusing to leave her to self-soothe.

"Perhaps it is time to use formula as well. You're already underweight and the breastfeeding is clearly becoming too much of a strain on your health." Reducing the feeding demand would also act as signal to the omega's body that it was ready to be bred again, encouraging his heat cycle to resume.

"Or you could just stop drinking it." Will hung up the dishtowel and ducked around the alpha.

Hannibal followed him back to the dining room and sighed despite himself as Will unceremoniously removed the candlesticks from the table, another wasted romantic attempt on Hannibal's part, and returned them to the mantelpiece. Perhaps a little more encouragement was needed.

"A magnificent piece don't you think?" Hannibal murmured coming to stand behind his mate again, tilting Will's chin up as he admired the painting above the fireplace from over the omega's shoulder.

“Are you familiar with the story of Leda and the Swan?”

“Vaguely.” It took a certain level of arrogance to display a painting depicting inter-species rape quite so gaudily in the dining area. “I’m more interested in Algonquian Mythology over Greek,” Will continued with a flinch as Hannibal pressed harder against his back and started kissing up his throat, sucking and nipping lightly. “It’s more relatable but I can see why you would see the appeal.” *A naive girl drawn in by a seemingly harmless creature, not realising her mistake till the webbed feet were braced against her thighs.*

“How so?” Hannibal reached around for the tie on the sling and started slowly unwinding the cloth.

“Can’t you just let me take Abby upstairs first?” Will said, skirting around the question. He was almost braced against the mantle under Hannibal’s weight, one hand supporting the baby as Hannibal tugged more impatiently.

“No.” He turned Will to face him and slid his hands down to clasp under the younger man’s thighs, his mate’s thighs, lifting and carrying both mother and child the short distance to the table.

Hannibal gently pried the little girl out of Will’s arms, ignoring the whimpers leading quickly to cries as she stirred, and laid her down at the other end of the table.

“That’s not safe-she could roll off-”

“Shh.” Hannibal pushed Will down by the shoulders.“Just lay still.”

Will visibly tensed as Hannibal continued trailing kisses down his chest, twisting his head around trying to keep watching Abigail.

“According to the myth, on the night of her wedding Zeus took the form of a swan to entice and, in different interpretations, either rape or seduce the Spartan queen Leda, a beautiful omega girl, mere hours before her mate-to-be came for her to consummate their bond.” As he spoke Hannibal pushed Will’s legs apart, moving to stand between them.

“The two unions produced four children born from a pair of eggs, each containing an immortal and a human as were their sires. From the first hatched the alpha boys, Castor and Polydeuces, later known as the Dioskouri although only Polydeuces was believed to be Zeus’s son. And from the second,” Hannibal paused, lips level with the scar across Will’s navel not quite covered by the low waistline of the skirt. “Helen, a beta considered to be the most beautiful woman in all creation, more desired than her mother or omega sister, Clytemnestra.”

“Is there a point to this?”

“Must there be?” Hannibal replied, holding Will’s thighs spread as he nuzzled lower.

Although he had fucked the omega several times since bringing the baby home, examining the omega himself to determine him sufficiently healed after only four weeks, he had not

concerned himself with Will's pleasure and focusing simply on taking, as was his right as alpha. It had been quite enjoyable indulging whenever he felt inclined to: pressing Will down over the sink or against a wall, particularly enjoying slipping up behind him as he reached up on his toes to clean the top of a shelf or guiding himself inside while he had the breastfeeding omega in his lap, knotting the omega as both the alpha and infant suckled greedily.

Hannibal very rarely took Will face to face, not being able to comfortably for the last few months of his pregnancy, although he knew the omega at least had previously liked the intimacy the position offered rather than being pressed face down into the pillows. He could afford to take some time now and quietly let his mate know he was forgiven.

"The scene has been reproduced time and again as a seduction, turning violence into a perfect reflection of omegan submissiveness."

"Tasteless to celebrate a rape scene as voluntary and sidestep discretion restrictions by the novelty of a naked woman exposed to an animal's scrutiny." Will gasped as the alpha bit the inside of his thigh and reflectively tried to close his legs.

"Naughty boy," Hannibal chuckled. He pushed in the first finger guided by enough slick to not be painful.

"You once told me that words should be used sparingly. That they have personality, point of view and agenda."

"Are there words in particular you are refraining from expressing?"

"Have you ever heard of Wendigos?" There was a slight breathlessness in Will's voice as Hannibal slipped in another finger.

Hannibal added the third finger, scissoring them before withdrawing and licking away the traces of slick. His other hand moved to his fly. "I don't believe I have."

"It's a human hybrid turned into a demon by eating human flesh." Will felt Hannibal loosen his grip on his hips slightly in surprise and managed to sit up.

"How long have you had suspicions?"

"I don't think there was a specific moment," Will said softly with a small huff of almost laughter. "I guess over the last few months I finally began to understand just how much I wasn't able to see."

He made no further attempt to move and finally raised his head to look at his alpha. "How many people have you killed besides the thirteen known Ripper victims?"

Hannibal traced his still damp fingertips up Will's hips and sides, feeling the bruises and teeth marks as he was left uncharacteristically at a loss of what to say. He quietly marvelled at the fact that no other was able to cause that reaction in him.

The clang of the doorbell made the bemused smile on his face smooth into a straight line.

“You may take it upstairs now.”

“Don’t call our daughter it.” Will swung his legs of the table and gathered up the baby, the crying stopping almost instantly and disappeared upstairs.

The words weren’t loudly spoken but icy. A clear command. Hannibal would have been amused if the situation weren’t so wrong. Will should have been fearful for his life, indeed should have doing everything possible to try and appease his alpha over the past weeks and months if he’d known so long. The stubborn boy still hadn’t learned when to give in.

The doorbell rang again followed by rapid, impatient knocking. It was quite a struggle to smooth a neutral expression onto his face as he went to answer it.

“Jack, what an unexpected pleasure. Please, come in.”

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Very short chapter today so will probably be updating again sooner

“I still can’t quite believe it.” Jack sat down heavily and took another gulp of scotch he'd brought. “And to find Miriam Lass alive after all this time…I’d honestly started to think we’d never catch the Ripper, especially after you snatched Will away. But there is a pattern taking shape and Miriam may be able to complete it.”

Hannibal sipped slowly, considering his reply. The drink was a lower quality then he was accustomed to, only marginally better than the mass-produced swill his mate had professed to miss, though he expected Jack had considered it a good choice.

“I’m sorry to have inconvenienced you Jack, but his behaviour was becoming unacceptable; whatever importance he felt he’d earned from field work was making him arrogant and far too spirited.”

Jack raised his hand defensively. “Please Doctor, don’t think I’m trying to criticise you or tell you how to handle your omega. It’s not my place and hell, I know they can get very troublesome if you don’t keep a firm hand.”

“And yet you allowed Bella to continue working after you were mated?”

“She’s an opinionated person, all things considered. Knows her place but doesn’t hesitate to challenge me when she feels I need it.” A small, fond smile crossed the alpha’s tired face, thinking of his mate. “Keeping her at home would have just been cruel.”

“The instincts most natural to omegas are nurturing,” Hannibal agreed. “Without purpose of some kind they wither. Although pursuit of a career is a poor substitute for a child.”

“Well, what other alternative was there?”

“Well, the Ripper may be caught within a matter of weeks with Miss Lass’s contribution and that is a grand achievement. I’m sure that at least is a weight off your mind.”

“If only,” Jack snorted. “Every other week there’s another one. That combined with Bella’s illness…I’m not used to feeling uncertain or out of control and I don't intend to wait and get used to it.”

“What exactly are you asking, Jack?” Hannibal set down his glass and turned slightly to face Jack.

“When I first asked you to profile Will I didn’t anticipate just how useful he was going to be. I’m not asking for much, just a few hours a week or if you’re more comfortable just have him look over a few case files.”

“No.”

“Hannibal, be reasonable-”

“I’m sorry, Jack. I’m not even confident interaction with other people is wise for him right now. But I will be sure to inform you if that changes.”

After Jack had left Hannibal contemplated going upstairs but crossed to the kitchen instead. Although there was very little Will could do in his current position he wasn’t confident of his own ability to control himself from reacting rashly. Far better to release his energy and tension on a hunt before talking to his mate.

Hannibal had hoped to better control the circumstances and perhaps guarantee a few more years. He had already prepared for the worst case scenario but hoped it would not come to that. Will would have already decided there was no point in telling anyone or trying to run. Without absolute, indisputable evidence no one would see any more than a hysterical omega.

Hannibal selected a card form his rolex.

Will didn’t open his eyes as the sheets were peeled back and the bed dipped slightly as Hannibal laid down beside him, arms wrapping around his waist.

The arousal he'd felt before flared up again after a few minutes of holding Will against him and the slight tensing of Will's shoulders betrayed that he was awake.

Will squirmed slightly at the quiet rustle of clothing being undone but held himself still and silent as his own underwear was pulled down.

“Who was at the door?” Will asked after the alpha had knotted him.

“Just Jack. He sends his regards.”

“Is there going to be a frantic call from him in the morning?”

“You don’t work for Jack anymore,” Hannibal reminded him gently. “And, no.” *Only a select few of the pigs warranted the time it took to create a masterpiece*.

“Was any of this true or just layers of lies and manipulation?”

“It wasn’t a lie that I have been captivated and fascinated by you from almost the moment we met. Nor that I wish to spend every day for the remainder of our lives in your company.”

“You were hoping I’d connect the dots eventually since there’s nothing I can do about it.”

“I never doubted you would figure out my secrets but I had hoped you would understand. Though I must admit for all my efforts I cannot predict you entirely or how and when your beautiful mind would see me clearly.” Hannibal inhaled deeply against the back of his mate’s neck. The acidic tang of fear was not present along with his natural sweetness and the trace of cinnamon musk that was Abigail’s. “As we are exchanging secrets you may as well know that Miss Lass is still alive and was recently recovered from a secluded storage area. In less than a week new evidence will be found to locate her and also convict a suitable substitute as the Chesapeake Ripper. Her positive identification will be the final proof that dear Uncle Jack needs so much to hear.”

“Why would you tell me that?” Will didn’t flinch as Hannibal began sucking a fresh mark up the side of his throat, maintaining the dull monotone.

“Why do you think?”

“Because it doesn't matter whether I know or not. If I accuse you I look crazy. Even if by some chance I manage to prove it if you get arrested either I get dragged down with you as an accomplice or risk being determined medically unfit to raise Abigail on my own.”

Because he was an omega it would be assumed most likely that he had known and obediently gone along with his alpha’s plans. In either case Abigail would be put into foster care and if it was the latter he would most likely be institutionalised, considered mentally unable to take care of himself either.

“I’m sure you’ll be seen as a perfect image of a devastated noble man as you account how you saw your mate’s mind degenerating but kept it a secret for your child’s sake and because you thought you could contain me yourself.”

“Will.” Hannibal cupped his omega’s jaw and gently turned his head back to look at him.“You know I would never allow that to happen to you.”

“No, I don’t.”

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

> A little nice sweetener since everything has been so sad in my last few chapters. As always feedback is critically appreciated and thank you particularly to everyone who commented on 3-4

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"How are things progressing with your omega?"

Hannibal was a little surprised at the inquiry after all Bedelia's unconventional ideas about gender equality had earned disproval years before she withdrew from society after the strange business surrounding her deceased patient. Both Bedelia's omegas, aspiring working and middle class youths, were studying abroad with the assistance of suppressants and artificial beta scent.

"Much the same. I miss our conversations." *I miss him*, Hannibal finished silently.

There had been no notable change in the last seven months beyond the baby's developments: rolling over, standing against the coffee table and the babble slowly merging into simple words. Now at ten months she was walking unsteadily without assistance.

"Do you still feel that he betrayed you in some regard?"

"No." Will had upset their relationship by making an important decision that was no longer his to make and then he had then chosen to keep Hannibal's secrets rather than any attempt to publicly uncover them.

"A stereotypical omega would bore you, Hannibal. That's one of the reasons why you remained unmated for so long," Bedelia paused. "When you first told me about Will Graham you said he was the one person capable of understanding you entirely. As equally remarkable as you see yourself."

"I appreciate how you helped me to understand what I wanted in a mate. And what I don't."

"Understanding and the closest possible to an equal. And yet you chose to debase and punish him at your first disagreement. Now you find yourself in an uncomfortable place in your relationship as you realise you want more than Will is willing to give." It was a statement although phrased as a question.

Hannibal turned from the window slowly, hands clasped behind his back. "What advice would you offer to an alpha in my position?" He had not abandoned the hope that in time he would be able to tease out the beautiful darkness Will tried so hard to suppress. What pained

him so much more was the shell his omega had reduced himself to; sinking deeper into the void of his mind, the brilliance Hannibal had first fallen in love with shut off as Will tried to retreat from the alpha in the only way he could. Hannibal found himself frequently hovering out of view in doorways just to watch Will with Abigail, encouraging the senseless infant chatter, were the only times he seemed happy. As a man who did not form trust or affection easily it was surprising how devastating it was fully seeing the lack of both in his lover's face every time he looked at him.

"You cannot regain trust so quickly or with a superficial gift or promises you both know won't be maintained. But that being said, I'm sure there is a simple gesture of good faith that would not do any further harm."

Will opened his eyes, dimly aware of fingers dragging lightly through his hair. Hannibal, already fully dressed, was propped against the bedhead balancing a book with his other hand. His own body was arranged slumped against Hannibal's, his head nestled against the older man's shoulder. It was unnerving in itself how easily the alpha could move him without waking him.

"Perhaps the next child will have your curls," Hannibal mused.

"We're not talking about that now."

Hannibal rose from the bed and crossed to the walk in wardrobe. "It's a little cold outside. Come." He placed a shirt and pair of jeans on the end on the bed. Will stared at the clothes for a second.

"Why? What's going on?" He said after a long pause.

"I have a small surprise for you." Will slowly got out of bed and pulled on the clothing, considerably more than he had worn in several months. He stuffed the baby monitor into the pocket and followed Hannibal downstairs.

Hannibal unlatched the patio doors and lead the way to the garden shed. Seven heads perked up as he unlocked and opened the door.

"What-oh my god!" Will knelt down as the dogs swarmed out, buffeting each other as he tired to pat each one. "But, how…?" Will looked up at Hannibal, standing a few paces back with a small smile.

"I contacted the animal shelter. Apparently some insist on holding onto animals for at least one year."

"I appreciate what you're trying to do but this doesn't change anything. I love Abby and I'm biologically unable to be indifferent to you, but I don't have to forgive you."

Hannibal knelt beside him, uncaring of the damp grass sweeping through his suit pants. "I know it cannot be that simple, indeed I would not respect you entirely if you were able to

abandon your morals so lightly. I only want what's best for you and I hope in time you may begin to see things as I do. But, in failing that, simply what makes you happy will have to suffice for now."

Will watched Abigail carefully as she chortled happily when Buster sniffed her outstretched hand. He couldn't help a smile at how comfortable and unafraid she was of the dogs. Most of the dogs had belonged to families before they were abandoned, as if was statistically more likely, and had enough experience around children to be careful about buffeting or knocking her over.

"What do you want, Jack?" He said without looking back at the alpha leaning against the patio railing.

"Not quite what I had hoped to hear."

Will snorted. "Well after no contact for almost a year then you suddenly turn up again and in the morning when you know 'my alpha' won't be here. So?"

He found himself caring less about being rude to an alpha than he once had yet and not being particularly surprised by it. If Jack was bothered he made not indication, hands clasped behind his back, perhaps still muling over the matter on his mind.

"I don't know whether or not Lecter told you about the development in the Ripper case. Miriam Lass was found alive."

"He told me." What was more interesting was that Jack had referred to the other alpha by surname, not using his first name or title.

"What I didn't tell him was that after identifying Fredrick Chilton as the Ripper Miriam shot him through the face. Chilton's been on life-support for almost seven months and finally was declared braindead yesterday. We managed to keep it out of the press until we're certain."

"So case closed. If you can believe that a man like him could have done all that. Serious limp, intellectual enough to qualify as both a psychiatrist and surgeon but pretty lacking in actual practice."

"I don't completely believe it either. And then somewhere in the last few months I remembered how little coverage there was on Miriam's disappearance. I didn't talk about it, not even with my mate. There was only one person I confided in about her. The same person who has much more extensive experience in emergency room surgery than Chilton and had access to classified information including what was recreated by the Shrike's copycat." Jack moved forward to sit down on the stair beside him. "Regardless of…circumstances you can't control, you were right every time.

"Mama!" Abigail tugged on his knee, trying to climb into his lap and Will picked her up.

"You've found more links?"

Jack nodded. “Not enough. Definitely not enough for a search warrant. That’s why I need you.”

Chapter End Notes

Dun, dun, dun!!!

P.s I'm overly attached to Will's dogs too and never intended for them not to reappear

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Going into the homestretch now, thanks to everyone for so much support and feedback :)

“Your word isn’t enough to go on unless there’s enough evidence that couldn’t be planted.”

“What are you expecting me to do?”

“You’re living with him. You’re sleeping with him; figure it out.” Jack slipped a small plastic bottle from his coat pocket and laid it on the coffee table between them.

“You can’t be serious.”

“It’s a reliable brand, gives you at least twenty four hours notice-”

“So that’s it then, is it Jack? Everything you said before doesn’t matter at all; it’s just because I’m his omega?”

“That’s not what I’m saying,” Jack paused, attempting to lower his voice from almost shouting. A high-pitched wail through the baby monitor screen cut off his response.

“Excuse me.”

Same old Jack Crawford, he thought as he went upstairs to the nursery. It didn’t matter how many cases he’d assisted in, because the label ‘omega’ still came first.

“It’s not your fault, Will.” Jack leaned against the doorframe, hands clasped behind his back. “I should have guessed you’re far too involved with him to be impartial.”

“I’m not too involved.”

The alpha glanced down at the baby in Will’s arms, eyebrows raised.

“I just want this man caught,”Will sighed.

“Do I need to remind you that the character reference I'll be required to give will probably determine whether you're deemed capable of taking care of her?”

“Are you threatening me?”

“No, I’m just reminding you. How many chances do you think there’ll be if you aren’t going to commit?”

“I *am* committed. But, Jack, this isn't the way.”

“You said yourself that you need to make him either irrational or angry, even if those weren’t the exact words, and I know you don’t want me to push another Freddie Lounds article to provoke him into killing again.The fact that you’re bonded to him just makes it harder for you to lie to him but you’re overlooking the advantage. I’ll see myself out.”

Hannibal noticed the slight change in Will’s scent as the omega slipped into bed beside him. He watched silently as Will balanced his phone against the bedside lamp,the screen showing the sleeping baby though the wireless webcam baby monitor.

“Abby’s had another growth spurt. Would you be able to pick up some more jumpsuits tomorrow?” Will asked.

“Would you like to come with me? It’s been a while since we went out.” Hannibal shuffled closer to press himself against Will’s back, intertwining their legs and draping his arm over the omega’s torso.

“I don’t think so.”

Hannibal nuzzled the back of Will’s neck, inhaling deeper. The heightened sweetness intermixed with his natural scent was unmistakable; his omega was going into heat.

“You’re a persistent one,” Alana laughed as Abigail made another grab for her hair. The little girl chortled in response as the omega bounced her gently on her knee, chubby little fingers settling on her collar instead.

“It’s great to see her so confident now.” Will suppressed a wince as he shifted, bracing his pounding head between his hands.The fevered heat and sweating hadn’t begun yet but the fatigue and stiffness in each joint made it hard to focus.

“Well I can’t figure out why you and Hannibal didn’t let me meet her before now.” A flicker of genuine concern crossed her features. “I hope this isn’t out of line if I ask this..”

“What?”

“I wasn’t going to bring this up at all but this is the first time we’re talked in almost a year. Are-is everything alright between you and Hannibal?”

“What if there was something? Doesn’t really matter one way or another.” He felt the couch dip as Alana left her armchair to sit beside him.

“He’s my friend but I’m a little worried about you.” Abby squirmed in Alana’s arms as she reached out for her mother.

“She’s probably just hungry again,” Will reassured her as the other omega, somewhat reluctantly, handed the baby back to him. He gently removed the chubby little hand from tugging at his shirt because although he was relatively comfortable around Alana, breastfeeding in front of her was a step too far.

“Hold on a second,” Alana said sharply. Following her gaze Will hastily tried to redo the top buttons and cover the exposed bruises along his collarbone.

“What’s he been doing to you?” The woman demanded.

“Alana, I don’t know what your personal life with Margot adds up to but this is pretty normal-”

“Normal? God, even the way you’re sitting looks like you’re in pain.” There was a note of hysteria working into her voice.

“Well it is normal. I'm surprised you still see anything positive in general since the majority of the world sees omegas as either subordinates or just objects.”

“I don’t care about people in general right now. And, I’d still like to think that you’d tell me if there was anything I should be worried about. Is there?”

Will raised his eyes to look over her shoulder at the silent fourth figure in the doorway. He hadn’t heard the alpha open the front door or creep down the passageway but the hormones coursing through his blood in preparation for heat was making him more responsive to his mate’s presence.

“No, there’s nothing,” Will replied dryly, dragging his eyes from Hannibal’s pleased smile to Alana.

Hannibal was careful to retreat to the front porch and open unlock the door again louder than necessary so the unexpected guest would be none the wiser.

“Alana,” he greeted the omega with a practised blend of surprise and pleasure. “Had I known you were coming to see us I would come home directly.”

“It’s really just a spontaneous drop in, I couldn’t wait any longer to see the baby.” Her tone and smile were warm enough but the slight rigidness to her posture gave away her discomfort.Hannibal pretended not to notice as he tilted Will’s chin up to kiss him and stooped to place another on the baby’s downy forehead.

“A remarkable coincidence as I had been about to call you about a rather important favour. That is if it’s not too much of an inconvenience so short notice.”

“I’ll say so if it is. What is it?

The alpha took a seat on the other end of the couch, wrapping his arm around his mate’s shoulders. “We're trying for another baby and Will is going into heat again, most likely by tomorrow evening. We were hoping Abigail could stay with you and Margot for a few days.”

“Oh.” She glanced to Will for confirmation. “I’ll have to ask Margot but I’m sure that she’ll be delighted. But, we were talking for almost an hour and you didn’t bring that up?”

“Still nervous about asking friends for help,hmm?” Hannibal chuckled, cutting off his omega’s apology.

“Well, I’d be happy to help.”

After Alana had said goodbye and Hannibal had closed the door behind her, he retrieved the bag he’d left in the hallway.

“You didn’t even ask me.”

“About Abigail staying with Alana? You must see that she can’t stay in the house while you are in heat; we will both be far too preoccupied to take care of her adequately.”

“I know but-”

“And you wouldn’t be more comfortable with an unknown sitter than one of your closest friends?”

“Of course not.”

“Then there is no problem.”

Will ran a hand through his hair tiredly. “I guess not. I’m sorry, just…hormones.”

“Well, I hope you will like these.” He gently removed Abigail from Will’s lap and replaced her with the bag of baby garments. It was an interesting shock when his daughter immediately locked her little hand around his thumb, much more settled around her father than she had been in her first six months. It was rather surprising the amount of strength in an infant’s fragile fingers.

“Oh, this is pretty cute.” Will turned a tiny blue sundress over in his hands.

“I’m glad you think so. If there’s anything else you think she needs just mark it in the catalogue.” Hannibal laid his chin atop his mate’s head as the omega relaxed against him, breathing in the delicious scent of approaching heat.

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

> Personal feelings and experience of misogyny bleeding through a bit although with a some cute/creepy moments.
>
> P.s I've never written heat sex before so not going into too much detail yet ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“How are you feeling now?” Hannibal murmured coming to stand beside his mate.

“A little better, I guess. Sorry.” Will ran his hand along the rail of the empty crib.

“It’s endearing, I assure you.” Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will’s narrow waist, hands stroking gently over his stomach. The flush of hormones in preparation for heat would not doubt be responsible for his mate being irrationally emotional. “And soon you will have another baby.”

“Are you sure it’s not too soon to have more children?” Will asked softly. “Abby’s still so little and I don’t want her to feel neglected.”

“I know you will never neglect any of our children.” Hannibal intended for at least two more to follow their first. He expected Will’s recent compliance was more relating to the instinctual response on approaching a heat cycle rather than coming to terms with his mate’s unorthodox pastime. Any lingering mistrust and resentment would eventually be worn down even if he would only love Hannibal again through association and gratitude for giving him the children he adored.

Hannibal had already cleared his schedule for the following week and arranged a pet care service to see to the dogs. He’d been optimistic that Will would have started by the time he returned from work, making the omega even more desperate for his mate to make the pain stop and use him as was only natural. However, while the signs were visible in Will’s stiff and pained movements, the heated feel to his skin and the ripening scent, he would most likely have a few more hours before the process properly commenced. In the close proximity, holding Will against his own body, the omega’s scent was positively appetising. It was all he could do not to tear away Will’s clothes and fuck him on the spot against the hardwood crib.

“I think an early night is in order; you should be in heat by four am.” He tugged gently on Will’s hand, trying to lead him back to their bedroom.

“Would you mind if I stayed here tonight?”

“Don’t be silly, darling. There isn’t a proper bed in here and you will be needing as much sleep as possible tonight.” Neither of them would be sleeping for more than an hour at a time for the next few days. “But,” Hannibal paused. “If it is a matter of you wanting to be alone, there are several more suitable guest bedrooms.”

“No, I…I just miss Abby so much and it’s calming to be able to breathe in her scent. I know that probably sounds ridiculous, nesting reflex or something…” Will turned his face downwards as if in shame, drawing the base of his hand up to swipe reverently at his eyes before any prickling tears escaped.

“Shh, if that is what you want then of course you may,” the alpha soothed as he gathered the omega into his arms again, pressing the younger man’s face into his shoulder. “Are you sure you won’t be uncomfortable?”

“Yeah it’s fine, I’ll just pull out the armchair pillows.”

“Goodnight.” He laid a chaste kiss on his mate's brow.

“Night.”

Hannibal lay on his back in the dark bedroom after he’d heard the light click off down the hall.

The exposure to omega pheromones in heat was enough to send all but the most controlled alphas into rut, a natural response to help in the breeding process. Betas simply did not have the strength and stamina to correctly breed omegas multiple times a day. If the aroma alone of his mate fully in heat wasn’t enough to wake him, he was confident that the groans of pain would.

Although there seemed to be some admirable progress in their relationship Hannibal knew he would need to be more attentive during Will’s next pregnancy, indeed be more careful about all interactions in front of Abigail and any other future children. Historically, the treatment for unruly or hysterical omegas had leaned towards surgical sterilisation as well as the stocks. Castration also held a certain appeal in several cultures for all three genders, not only for the symbolism of the act but also the noticeable change in aggression levels from hormone denial. Especially in omegas as the removal of his testicles did not effect an omega’s fertility in childbearing but prevented him from achieving orgasm. Hannibal smiled at the thought of such a procedure which had once been almost standard when dealing with male omegas but now only an alternative option needing the approval of a doctor. Regardless, he would not consider doing something so painful and permeant to his Will even if no other alternatives were successful.

Hannibal’s intentions to reform his mate’s behaviour were not wholly selfish and for the benefit of their prospective children as well. It would not do for Abigail to learn confusing contradictions on what rights omegas were permitted in normal society, much less grow used to then arguing in an aggressive manner. On the other hand, he would not permit for any of their children to blatantly disobey or undermine Will based on their genders. It was a fine line

in raising alphas to ensure that while they were aware of their place in the hierarchy that the only omega they owed unconditional respect to, regardless of their age, was their mother.

There would need to be additional consideration too for the likelihood of an omega child as Hannibal had no doubt that left unchecked Will would make quite a dangerous role model.

His train of thought left him feeling quite aroused. Hannibal palmed himself almost absentmindedly. It would be a few hours at most before Will would be willingly spreading his legs and begging the alpha to mate him but still he continued to stroke himself, conjuring up a more pleasant image of his mate to aid him. The second heat he'd assisted Will through had been very different to the first, where Will had been more disbelieving than anything else. He remembered the afternoon clearly, discreetly watching the clock above his patient's head when he'd smelt it. Standing at the exact hour mark he'd escorted the unassuming beta to the door to find his omega in the corner of the waiting room.

Will tucked his legs underneath him as he pressed forward against Hannibal. The first gentle roll of his hips was experimental but gaining in confidence at the alpha's encouraging murmurs. He had barey closed the door before the omega had launched himself at him, kissing the alpha hungrily. Hannibal had been mildly surprised but intrigued as he found himself playfully pushed into his desk chair as Will hurriedly shed his clothes and only took the time to undo the other's fly before straddling his lap. Nothing made a heat more painful for an omega than having spent the previous one with alpha, truly understanding how pleasurable the process could be.

Hannibal growled with pleasure as Will ground against his clothed thighs, pressing his forehead to the omega's chest and teasing one rosy nipple between his teeth. Perhaps he would be irritated later both at Will's attempt to take control and the clear slick staining his suit pants but while lost in rut all rational thoughts took a backseat.

"What are you thinking of right now?" Will gasped. The knot was starting to catch on his rim as it swelled.

"How the concept of fate is feeling slightly less irrational since you are here with me now. Even more so since we have such an unremarkable man as Jack Crawford to thank."

Will stilled as he came, quivering at the warm release in his arse moments later. "Don't let him hear you say that," he chuckled, arranging his legs through the back of the chair to wait out the knot. "Oh shit. Sorry."

Hannibal glanced down at the semen splattered across his shirt. "Don't worry about that now."

The following silence was reasonably comfortable, broken only by soft moans each time Hannibal climaxed again, continuing to fill Will's womb with his release.

"I never wanted this; it just didn't seem worth the sacrifices. But I hope you know I am grateful to you.

“Then I’m glad. Coincidence or not I am very happy. I would have approached you sooner had it not been for the apparent lack of returned interest.”

“Before you figured out I was an omega or after?”

“Before, I assure you.” Unlike most of what he told Will this was not in any way a lie.

The feeble light fell across the foot of the bed as Hannibal woke. His bed felt almost awkwardly empty without his mate.The alarm clock on his bedside table read just before seven. Hannibal rose from the bed and padded silently down the hall. He could smell the residue of Will’s premature heat scent on the overstuffed armchair, a necessary purchase for more comfortable feeding, but the smell was stale. Will had clearly been gone several hours.

Chapter End Notes

Dun, dun, dun! Shit really hit the fan

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

> Since I'm returning after a study break with a very short, filthy chapter there will be a longer update next week. This will most likely be the 3rd last chapter but will absolutely be writing a sequel :)

Although his house was undisturbed besides a thin layer of dust coating the furniture the rooms didn't feel the same. Far too quiet without the presence of the dogs.

The heat started as an uncomfortable itch just below his skin, not equal to the throes he had endured in the past.

Will had barely finished placing the equipment before the pain radiating through his limbs and lower body caused him to collapse onto the bed. The ache vibrated just beneath his skin, flushed and sweaty, moving towards the intensified, hollow feeling between his legs.

That had always been the worst, most humiliating part of previous heats; feeling his hole throbbing and leaking in preparation for an alpha. With his mind clear for the first time of the desperation and pure primal desire to be bred and used, he was completely aware of each ache in his fevered body as well as the shameful lines of slick dribbling down his legs. Will's hands shook as he worked his shirt off of his head, trying to relieve some of the heat radiating from his skin. He tried to sit up to remove his jeans but the cramps in his hips and lower back made him fall back with a groan.

He didn't hear the door open.

"Did you really think I wouldn't look for you here? Were you stupid or just lazy, or perhaps you thought I would be?" The fingers threaded through his hair were gentle for a moment before tightening, yanking his head back.

"No, Hannibal, I don't. I'm sorry-"

"Hush." Hannibal hissed, dragging him into a sitting position.

The omega groaned at being jostled but didn't struggle as Hannibal checked his neck and torso for new bite marks and scented his throat and the inside of his wrists, suspiciously searching for evidence of another alpha's trespass on his property. Regardless of the manner of the touch, the hands felt soothing over Will's sensitised skin and he felt, with shame, more slick dribbling down the back of his thighs. Satisfied, Hannibal hooked his thumbs into the

belt loops on Will's trousers and inelegantly pulled them and his underwear off. He dropped the clothing onto the floor, sitting back and clicked his fingers.

"Hands and knees. Present yourself."

Will turned onto his stomach and struggled into position, Hannibal's hand burying in his hair again and forcing his face down against the bed. The traditional breeding position wasn't the most comfortable one to hold for several hours worth of knotting, the omega's weight resting awkwardly on the neck and crown of the head without the support of his arms.

Not so far from the origins of shaking hands, a display of trust and authority between alpha and beta gentlemen by greeting with the right hand and preventing another from taking advantage of a close situation by concealing a weapon. How fortunate that most people remained right-handed. However, any interaction between an alpha and omega were so much simpler.

Hannibal released Will's curls to twist the omega's wrists together, loosening his tie with the other.

Will's eyes snapped open in panic as the silk wound around his wrists, securing them together at the small of his back.

"Hannibal…?"

"Simply telling you who you belong to doesn't seem to register," the alpha murmured, slipping his hand between Will's invitingly parted legs. He felt his mate shiver as he stroked a finger along the younger man's perineum and pushed past the ring of muscle. "What were you hoping to achieve by running away from me?"

Will cried out as Hannibal added a second finger and twisted his hand roughly, scraping his sensitive insides. "We weren't safe with you."

"Are you genuinely concerned that I would hurt Abigail or any future children of ours? That I would harm you?"

"I don't think there's anything you wouldn't do if you thought the situation needed it."

Hannibal chuckled, withdrawing his fingers and bringing them to his mouth. It was getting harder to separate his thoughts as Will felt Hannibal's breath against his lower back, hands lowering and spreading his cheeks. The sticky warmth of a tongue swiped up the inside of his thigh to his hole, lapping up the leaking slick.

"Please, just do it."

"Perhaps an appropriate punishment would be to leave you here alone till it's over, dripping like a wanton slut." Hannibal lifted himself off the omega's back and yanked him upright against him, damp fingers twisting Will's head back to kiss him. "But it is so hard to refuse you when you are being so good and submissive for me."

Will grimaced at his sickly sweet taste on the other man's tongue as the alpha stood to remove his clothing, dropping the expensive suit pieces onto the floor carelessly and crawled back onto the bed.

"Spread your legs," Hannibal growled. Strong hands roughly rearranged the omega, kneading the firm flesh apart and lining up behind him.Will moaned low in relief as Hannibal finally thrust into his body, involuntarily pressing back against his mate.

"Still so tight," Hannibal growled, hands gripping the familiar hips in place hard enough to break the skin. Small streaks of blood joined the scattered pattern of bruises along Will's pale skin. Hannibal felt resistance from his swelling knot after only a few minutes but continued his relentless pace until the base started to catch on the omega's rim, his mate's moans turned more pained.

"I like you like this. Isn't it simpler and more pleasurable when you choose to submit?" Hannibal released Will's hip with one hand to stroke the other's neglected cock, his own orgasm following almost immediately.

Will's knees shook as he sank lower onto the bed, pulling Hannibal down on top of him. The alpha readily settled so his frame covered Will's slighter one, gently smothering him. After a few minutes Hannibal carefully shifted them onto their sides to wait out the knot, smirking at the way his omega purred contentedly and pressed back against him as he wrapped his arms around him.

"Shh, try and sleep now," he whispered against Will's neck. With his remarkable mind addled by heat Will wouldn't clearly recall or be completely aware of much that was said and done beyond his physical needs, rendering the words much less important than the reassurance of his mate's voice.

Hannibal stroked his fingers through disheveled curls as he mulled over the tasks still needing to be finalised. Will's reluctance and flighty behaviour had reassured him that it was in their best interests to leave America and the few people who may have been persuaded to listen to Will about the identify of the Ripper.

True, it would be difficult to locate an eligible alpha with a male omega mate and an infant who's places could be slotted into but half-truths built on a grain of fact hadn't failed him in the past. If necessary he would keep his mate and daughter concealed and present himself as a bachelor, publicising his choice to bond after a sensible amount of time and fabricate a backstory to explain his new omega's existing child. Widowed, of course, and moving to a new country for a fresh start and more promising chances of re-mating. Plenty of traditional areas in Europe placed less of an importance on sex and were less opposed to arranged matches, therefore treasuring omegas unless they proved infertile. Even if some may suspect Will was more of a permeant paid exchange their relationship wouldn't be questioned.

By the time Abigail would be old enough to be distressed by the circumstances, Hannibal believed Will would have come to accept him. Despite the motivational threats Hannibal did not wish for their children to become accustomed to seeing their mother chained naked to the bed, or hear pained groans and screams on the odd nights when he may try to resist.

“I hope in time you realise the potential you wasted catching inferior killers. But, until I can trust you again you aren’t good for anything but obeying and taking my cock.”

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Following the expected results outlined on the box his artificial heat had faded after less than twenty-four hours. A warning had mentioned the likelihood of increased pheromone levels produced during heat would not reduce for at least three hours after the other heat symptoms had finished. Alphas were encouraged to keep their omega confined to their home an additional day after induced heats to avoid chances of rape by the first strange alpha they encountered.

Hannibal's breath was steady on the back of his neck as Will opened his eyes. He tested the loose hold of the alpha's arms around him, his own bound hands pinned uncomfortably between their bodies. Hannibal tightened his grip with a growl. One hand drifted lower to stroke over the omega's stomach, slightly swollen from his release. Judging by the glimpse of outside through the window it was late, between nine and eleven pm.

"Are you hungry?" Hannibal asked, voice still husky from sleep.

"No." Although he hadn't eaten in close to thirty hours he doubted he could hold anything down.

"You need to take better care of yourself. Just in case." Hannibal continued to caress Will's stomach.

Will flinched as the other hand cupped his chest and crudely pinched one nipple. A thin trickle of milk dribbled down over the angry red marks sucked and bitten around his areola.

"Some water at least?"

"Thank you." Hannibal eased his deflated cock free and rose form the bed.

Will waited until the alpha had disappeared into the kitchen before shifting awkwardly to the floor. It was difficult retrieving the phone he'd left underneath the bed and pressed the button to speed-dial Jack before quickly pushing it out of sight.

"What are you doing, Will?" Hannibal set a glass of water on the nightstand and moved around the bed, easily picking up his mate bridal style and laying him back on the bed.

"Still feeling clumsy," he lied. The omega ducked his head, projecting embarrassment and drawing an amused tut from the alpha.

"Drink."

Will eagerly swallowed down the offered water pressed to his lips; he'd lost a lot of fluids through sweat and slick.

“Good boy,” Hannibal hummed, taking the glass away.

Will groaned as he was turned onto his stomach again but startled when he felt the practiced hands on his throat instead.

“What are you doing?” Will tried to turn his head to look but felt it pressed back down against the pillow under the other’s elbow.

“Quite a pleasing design,” Hannibal said as he fastened the handsome leather about Will’s neck. The lock closed with a satisfying click.

“You promised me you’d never make me wear a collar. You said it was an unnecessary, outdated tradition.”

“Hush.” Hannibal hooked a finger into the gap between the soft lining material and Will’s skin, pulling it taunt. “You lost the right to argue that privilege and any others by running away.”

The simple collar would do well enough day to day, understated elegance but sturdy enough to leave an impressive mark if he choose to do so. He had hoped that such a crude mark of property wouldn’t be necessary. It would of course be enjoyable to revert to complete classical omega conditioning and reform his mate into a good traditional omega. A few weeks of simulated breeding with knot dildos and artificial semen solutions up to a healthy eight hours a day, pairing the pleasure with vulnerability and exposure. More pleasing behaviour could be paired with pleasure to eventually leave the omega to addicted to alpha touch and the feel of being bred that even the thought of disobedience unsettled them. Will was stubborn; it would most likely take up to six months to break him down into one of the simpering creatures he despised.

That was not what Hannibal wanted.

It would take longer for Will to accept him as he was and learn to embrace the killer inside himself but would be much more rewarding than taking away part of what made him so unique.

Hannibal tapped the back of his thigh and Will silently parted his legs for the alpha. He winced as the older man mounted him unceremoniously, his hole still wet from their last coupling. So focused on the pleasure of breeding, Hannibal had failed to notice how unresponsive his mate had become; the abundant spent semen starting to leak around the abused hole in place of slick.

“Why didn’t you kill Miriam Lass?” Will said as the lazy strokes pressed him against the mattress.

“The evidence she found was by chance and may have been ruled circumstantial but it took intelligence to get her to that point. There should be some rewards and allowances in addition to consequences for the discourteous.”

“She found the connection between you and one of the ripper victims. It didn't need to be much, a business interaction, a one time patient…Just insignificant enough to be overlooked. Cassie Boyle, perfectly designed to show the missing positive. Your patient’s broken neck in the heat of the moment but without even a hand spread. How many others have you killed that I don’t know about?”

“A fair number, most of which never go beyond missing person reports.” Hannibal paused, accent deepening as his knot began to swell and lazy thrusts becoming more messy.

“Can you really live with Chilton getting the credit as the Chesapeake Ripper? Even if he did take the fall he’s going to be remembered and revered in a way he never would be as a surgery dropout and below average psychiatrist. ”

“Do you really think I’m that egotistic?”

“Yes.” Will felt Hannibal’s lips turn upward into a smile against his throat.

“I’m a patient man. In a few years perhaps I will create another masterpiece to let dear Jack know he failed to catch the Ripper again.

“Did every meal you ever made me contain people?"

“That depends on your definition of people. The term cannibalism doesn’t quite cater adequately as it implies we are all equals.”

Will turned his face away to hide the relief threatening to show on his face, freezing as a sharp beep sounded from the floor; the low battery alarm on his phone. He felt Hannibal pause above him and bit back a broken whimper as two fingers shoved up beside the cock inside him, roughly levelling the half formed knot free. The alpha stared at the device and name across the screen before picking it up.

“Goodbye Jack.” Hannibal ended the call but held the phone for a second before throwing it aside. Still on the floor beside the bed he noticed another device strapped to the side of nightstand, almost blocked by the sheet hanging down.

“Every time I begin to feel that I’ve tamed you, you are merely chewing the inside of the muzzle until an opportunity presents itself.” Hannibal murmured, placing the smooth black disc on the pillow. The camera lens was a little smaller in diameter than his thumb nails side by side, not easily accessible hardware.

“There’s five more planted. Maybe not enough to convict on but a few confessions which will guarantee a search warrant and the stores in the basement should do the rest. You could try to run but we are in in the middle of nowhere and if I had to guess we’ve got less than an hour before there’s agents kicking down the door.”

“You’ve had the opportunity to know me better than anyone else alive. And you would betray me.”

Hannibal frowned at a sudden hollow laugh.

“You don’t get to talk to me about betrayal.”

Hannibal gently pulled his omega into a sitting position and untied his hands. The omega didn’t move and let his chin be tilted up to prevent him from looking away.

“It’s not too late for you and I to leave.” Hannibal's gaze traced over the healed claiming bite, distinguishable from the newer bites.

“And Abby?”

“Quite safe with Alana for the foreseeable future.”

“No. I don’t care what you do anymore so long as it doesn’t include us.”

“Will…” The hint of emotion straining his voice was almost desperate, most likely the closest the man came to pleading.

“Whatever happens I'm not going to look for you. I don’t want to see you or think about you. I don't want to know where you are or what you do. I don’t want my daughter to know anything about what you are.”

Will saw the flicker of a dozen emotions in his mate’s face before the finely stitched mask slipped back into place.

“Your flaws lie in your inability to see yourself as you truly are. Delighting in wickedness and then you berate yourself for the delight. I hope one day you will see that.”

“You delight. I tolerate. I’m never going to have your appetite.”

Closing his eyes Hannibal settled against the wall, cradling the slighter body. He pressed his brow against Will’s curls, committing the scent to memory as he hugged him against his chest. It would be some time before he would have the opportunity again.

Jack was one of the first across the threshold.

“Just a moment, Jack,” Hannibal said calmly before the other alpha could speak. He had taken the time to retrieve his suit pants, unzipped as his softening knot was still buried.

Will didn’t lift his head off his folded arms and drew his knees closer together. Through his limited vision he could make out Jack covering his face with a handkerchief against the pheromones and several other agents, the alphas distinguishable by the scent blocker masks covering the lower half of their faces.

Hannibal pressed his face against Will’s back as he came once more and slipped himself out. He tucked the sheet up around Will’s hips before kneeling on the floor, hands threaded behind his head.

“You finally caught the Chesapeake Ripper, Jack. Is it everything you hoped?”

“I didn't catch you.” He nodded to one of the betas. “Cuff him. Put him in my car.”

Jack waited until after the last of the agents had left, guns trained on the arrested alpha. He briefly glanced at the motionless figure on the bed before following them out.

Chapter End Notes

Cameras inspired by the one used in The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo although no version of Hannibal is quite as disturbing as Nils Bjurman (f**king bastard!!!!)

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

Couldn't resist an opportunity to involve a mini version of the A/B talk ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You shouldn’t have let her keep it.”

“It’s a CabbagePatch Kid, not a joint. Alana was just trying to be nice and Abby loves it. I don’t see an issue.”

Hannibal’s hand gripping his collar shoved him lower over the countertop, the cold ceramic edge digging into his stomach.

“There is no use in teaching an alpha girl to play with dolls; I’ll be talking with Margot about Alana’s presumptuousness.”

“Be careful if you want to keep taking advantage of their hospitality,” Will shot back, still squirming in the alpha’s grip. “Besides, is there really something so terrible about learning to care for and nurture something? ”

“It’s preferable for Abigail not to be with strangers for a week each month but plenty of children cope quite well with spending their omega parent’s heat cycles with nannies and overnight babysitters when a suitable relative or family friend can’t be found,” Hannibal paused, pressing himself lower onto of his mate. “Perhaps the problem lies in you. Still needing to be taught now.” Hannibal smiled at the sound of his mate’s increased heart rate against his own chest. Pinning the younger man’s body beneath his own he released his grip on Will’s collar and unfastened his jeans.

“Hannibal, we can’t do this here-”

“Can’t? You shouldn’t worsen the situation by trying to tell me what I can and cannot do.” Hannibal tugged the constricting denim down roughly. Although his tone was even, a hint of the possessive undertone leaked through.

“The door’s still open…” Will’s protests came with less enthusiasm at the sound of a zipper behind him and slapping of skin on skin as Hannibal palmed his half-hard erection.

“There’s no reason for Abigail to come downstairs unless you make too much noise.”

The omega stilled on the counter, trying to calm his rapid breathing. The strongest scent radiating off him was frustration; Will knew better than to be afraid of his mate.

Will bit down on his lip trying to cover a cry of pain as the alpha thrust into him without preparation, nails scrabbling for purchase on the smooth surface from the force. Although he could feel a little slick in response to the aggressive onslaught of alpha pheromones his body was still too tight. He heard Hannibal growl as he paused before yanking Will back upright and bitting down on his nape. The sensitive point so useful in compliancy as well as gentling. Will cried out as he went limp in Hannibal's arms, lower body automatically going lax and a releasing a gush of slick.

"Omegan anatomy is quite fascinating," Hannibal sighed as he lowered Will back over the counter and pushed his legs apart as far as the denim around his knees would allow. "So perfectly designed for pleasure and submission."

Hannibal didn't try to regulate his pace, delighting in the moans each time he nudged over Will's prostate. He paused as he felt his knot start to swell, noticing a new scent.

"Go back to your room, Abigail," Hannibal said briskly without looking up at the tiny figure loitering in the doorway.

"Oh god," Will groaned, struggling to find his feet. Hannibal slammed him back down by the shoulders with a low growl in warning.

"If you move again, I will call her back."

Will's froze underneath him, silent besides the occasional wince of pain as the knot swelled and finally locked them together. Hannibal slipped his hand down to stroke over Will's belly still pressed against the kitchen counter. He'd allowed over a four year gap after the birth of their first child and with Abigail starting school in a few months was very keen to see his mate swelling with another child.

"I'll be dropping Abigail off at Muskrat Farm tomorrow," Hannibal said once his knot had deflated enough to be removed. He tucked himself away before pulling Will's pants back up, frowning when he noticed the other man was still only half hard.

"But my heat's not due for four more days," Will protested, gingerly holding onto the counter to support his still weak legs. "

We will be making productive use of the extra time; claimed omegas should be able to orgasm from penetration alone. Although it does not effect likelihood of conception in males, some alphas would see failure as an insult."

"But Papa, I only just got back from Auntie Lana's."

"That was a month ago," Hannibal said gently. The child furrowed her brow.

"Are you mad at me?"

"No, sweetheart, you are not being punished." Hannibal sighed. He wouldn't actively lie to Abigail but there was no harm in withholding anything that would confuse and upset her with

no added value. Very few children needed to formerly be told about something as natural as ‘where babies come from’ and had drawn understanding from their peers and media sources long before they were of an age where it was socially appropriate to talk about the details of sharing a heat cycle. Not to mention the pleasures not linked to reproduction purposes.

“Mama and I would like to have a little brother or sister for you. And, as I’ve explained to you the process on Mama’s body each month is very stressful and tiring for him and we both want to know that you are safe and cared for while I am busy taking care of him. Do you understand, sweetheart?”

“I guess.”

Hannibal shifted off his daughter’s bed and knelt so they were roughly on the same level. “You know what it means to be an alpha and how fortunate that makes you and I. Many things are made easier to us even if there are still disadvantages.”

By the time Abigail would begin seeing the omegas in her classes differently, subconsciously evaluating their hips as childbearing, she would also know there was no way for her to biologically parent a child. It remained an alpha world but to an extension favoured the majority even more.

“But, you will always have the advantage of control, not losing yourself the way alpha boys do when they see a pretty omega.”

Abigail giggled, not understanding much more than the fact that her father had complimented her.

“Off to sleep now.”

“You know, an outsider might say you don’t love Abby at all.”

Hannibal was slightly surprised to hear Will’s voice. After a tedious goodbye to Abigail the omega had remained silent for the rest of the evening, a worrying reminder that he was slipping back after so much progress. Hannibal checked the restraints a second time before pulling a chair up beside the bed and opening his notebook. His hand skimmed fondly over several more private sketches of his mate before beginning on a new page.

“On the contrary, I love her a great deal and am eager for another child. I don’t think wanting some additional time alone with my mate is unreasonable.” Although he had come to love his daughter much more than he had thought he would, Hannibal could not deny that he was jealous of the amount of attention and unconditional love Will paid to her. A usual alpha’s possessive nature did not extend to seeing their children as minor rivals except in very rare, counterproductive case studies. “Look at me.”

Will turned his head reluctantly, tugging automatically on the cord binding his wrists to the bedposts.

“Why is this necessary?”

“You’ve got far too much experience with handcuffs, my dear.” He drank in the view of his mate stretched out like a sacrificial Old Testament lamb. The rope around his wrists and ankles held him spread enticingly.

“I don’t like her being around Mason this much,” Will murmured, voicing something that had clearly been worrying him for some time in order to distract from the present.

“Alana and Margot have been quite clear that they dote on Abigail and I have confidence in their ability to protect her. Besides, do you really doubt that I’d kill Mason if he were ever to harm Abigail?” Hannibal put down the uncompleted drawing and shrugged off his pyjama pants. He could finish it later.

“Did you know it is not possible for human fingernails to piece through the skin of your own palm on the same hand without intentionally modifying them,” Hannibal said softly, slipping onto the bed behind Will. “The position and pressure isn’t compatible.”

“But there’s no problem with biting through a finger; the hardest part would be trying to shred the skin after the bone’s broken.” Will buried his face in the pillow again as gentle fingers stroked up his downy thigh and over the cleft of his arse.

The desperate call came just after six in the morning, only a few hours after he’d finished placing it. No surprise that Jack Crawford would want to be positive before reopening the Chesapeake Ripper case.

Will nervously fingered the edge of his collar, clearly concerned about how his former colleagues would act, and Hannibal suppressed a smug smile when the omega didn’t object to the comforting hand on the small of his back. Watching gave him the same swell of pride he’d felt hearing Will’s profile of the Shrike copycat but with the added pleasure that his mate knew the scene was of his own making.

“Do you miss it?” Hannibal had asked after they had settled back into the car.

“I wouldn't say that,” Will replied after almost ten seconds silence. “I do miss teaching though.”

“If given the choice would you like to return to work?” It would still be a gamble allowing Will the freedom of returning to work. His previous merit and insistence from Jack Crawford would probably be enough for the omega to be accepted back on a part-time basis, albeit grudgingly, despite the circumstances. Hannibal understood the need for his mate to have something outside their family. True it wouldn’t be perfect with his intentions for their future but he had to admit that seeing Will happier for having something mentally simulating was worth compromises.

“I quit without notice so there’s no obligation for the board to hire me back just cause you’ve changed your mind. Besides, since you made a such a spectacle of…how you made me quit

that I doubt anyone at the academy's going to take me seriously." He continued to stare out the window as he spoke.

Had anyone else used such an uncouth accusing tone of voice to him Hannibal would have already begun plans to remove their tongue but so often Will was the exception.

"They were able to identify him so quickly because of his record. Suspected murder of his mate two years ago but the jury ruled not guilty, that she must have fallen down the stairs…"

"Very unpleasant. Jack mentioned he had taken another?" Hannibal experimentally removed one hand from the wheel to lay on Will's knee to see if he would shrug it off. He didn't.

"Yes. She's only seventeen and already six months pregnant. But that didn't have anything to do with why you killed him though, did it?"

"The antique shop owed by the alpha in question stocked serval quite beautiful artefacts that on close inspection were knock off reproductions. Everything else is a happy coincident."

"I don't condone what you do, but…It would be nice if more stories ended with happy coincidences."

…….

The security door buzzed loudly as an orderly deposited his breakfast tray.

Hannibal acknowledged her with a smile 'thank you' but didn't rise from his position on the bed. In between his mandatory conversations with Doctor Bloom, her efforts amusing in a manner, Hannibal retreated to his memory palace, perusing the memories and constructed futures. In some rooms he found himself instructing Will through a design of his own, leaning around to swipe a streak of of blood from his cheek with his own tongue. In others, his beautiful omega clung to his outdated morals that sheep and pigs were worth protecting.

Opening the door to the centre, his mother's bedroom as it had been committed over thirty years prior, he selected a glass decanter added beside the bottles of fine perfume and inhaled from the seal; the sweet blended aroma of omegan mother and newborn.

Chapter End Notes

Wow, thank you to everyone who supported me with comments, feedback and kudos :)
I'll be continuing this story to roughly align with the second half of season 3 at the beginning of December :)

End Notes

Any feedback is very appreciated :)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!